

Kalenvine Grove, a prosperous town on the eastern tip of the realm, was the last bastion before the wilds where beast was as common as mites. Very wealthy merchants and traders all around the world would come. Only those brave enough to trek it, or skilled enough to fend for themselves. The town was the kingdom's blind spot, so far out of the way, no one would go there except to adventure and trade in the wild's rare goods, and yet so mired in the wilds itself that no other country dare attack it, lest they fight a hoard of beasts first. That's the problem though. The beasts.

Kalenvine's greatest defense was the untamed wilds that sprawled out before it into the east. Any invading army would need to chop down the forest tree-by-tree, or brave the monsters that called it home. A constant battle of feral dominance ruled that wood, and the people of Kalenvine knew better than to try and test its boundaries. Though the beasts offered a sort of wall from outsiders, they were a double edged sword. Often the town would need to fend off small waves of hungry beasts that were driven out of their dens by even bigger, hungrier beasts. The problem was that some of those beasts were getting a little too brave.

And that's where the Guild of Golden Blades came in. The Golden Blades sounded prestigious, and they were well known, but the "Gold" in their name wasn't because their blades were holy. They could be bought with enough metal. Kalenvine had become a seasoned patron of the guild, keeping a small troop on retainer in the event that they needed skilled mercenaries or sell swords to defend their growing town from the beasts in their back yard, and Kalenvine was very grateful for their friends in low places. To entice the guild and its members, Kalenvine would lavish the adventurers with gifts upon completion. As the town saying goes, "Kalenvine's pockets are as deep as the wild's roots," and what is money if it cannot be spent on friends? The saying isn't just a boast of wealth, but also a promise that all favors will be paid in kind, and compounded.

Kalenvine Grove quickly became the guild's favorite job listing. Always at the top of the quest board and picked by the most talented of companies. The town would never wait for a response from the guild, and the guild need not worry about compensation. It almost became a rite of passage. The postings from Kalenvine merchants were common enough, but when the town itself fronted the money, that's when the guild would bring out their best.

A hoard lead by a group of goblin shamans built a harem that was getting ready to move on the town. Already children had been taken, women disappeared and enslaved in breeding dens, and men hunted for sport. These goblins were far too intelligent and organized. If left to their own devices, they could tame enough of the wilds into an army. Kalenvine wanted to nip this in the bud, but they needed the right gardener to weed it out. The guild knew just the company to send.

The Fog Reapers. A prestigious company of the guild known for its cut throat mentality when dealing with opposition. Their leader, Velric Olrand, was once a famous assassin who settled down with the Golden Blades to keep his hands clean of illegal, or unsanctioned, killings. The bone mage was known for keeping casualties to a minimum, and ruthlessly eradicating his enemies. Kalenvine had its reservations about the arctic fox, being slightly shorter than average in stature and maybe a little too formal, but he assured them he would silence any qualms.

And he did.

Velric walked out of the tree line, blood spackled his pristine white fur and necromancer tattoos as he dragged a bloody bag behind him. His scythe was in his other hand, the skull ornament holding the blade was ablaze with mage light, guiding him back to the village. His men followed soon after. Twenty men went into the wilds, thirty returned between soldiers and rescued villagers. The town welcomed them back with open arms. Families were restored or given the closure they needed, and it was time for the town to show its appreciation.

The men were given every luxury the town had to offer. The following night there would be a feast for the Fog Reapers and their rescued towns people. Velric had given the severed heads of the goblin shamans to one of his men to present to the mayor of Kalenvine. He needn't take the glory from his men. They worked just as hard as he to save those people, and he didn't need the spotlight. Currently, Velric was leaning against a tree, watching his men dance around a fire, beautiful women and men accompanying them. The flames danced in the fox's eyes, memories of a past life sparkled in those blue orbs as a shallow smile graced his lips.

"The Fog Reapers know how to have a good time, now don't they?" A warm voice directed its statement at the white fox. Velric pulled himself from his memories to look at the one addressing him. It was a black wolf in an expensive get up. He didn't look like a rich merchant, but he looked like he worked for one. The wolf wore pristine white linens covered by a vest of black and plum colored silks that accentuated his trim figure. His pants were just as fancy, black tuxedo pants with purple stripes going down the sides that hovered above polished shoes, the white fur around his ankles exposed.

"We like to have fun," Velric gave the wolf another once over, his eyes lingering on the wolf's unnatural violet eyes. That's when he noticed the purple silk bowtie around the wolf's collar. Velric smiled knowingly. A whore. The village pleasure houses were open to his men, and they wanted the city's coin for their services. Many of the people dancing with his men had similar violet ribbons.

"The name is Jace," the wolf introduced himself, hand out stretched and open paw. "Pleased to finally meet you, Velric Oland."

Velric was about to take that hand when he sensed something. Powerful primal magic. It wasn't being cast, but it was strong. Stronger than he had ever known. That's when he heard his earring ringing, warning him of a demonic presence. Velric's hand dropped.

"I don't shake hands with demons unless I know what I'm shaking for," Velric had an edge to his voice. His pads on his hands itched for his scythe, the blade resting against the tree.

"Sorry," Jace smiled, a sparkle of mischief in those eyes, "force of habit when meeting with my...clients." His hand fell. Velric thought Jace was wearing white gloves, but it was just his pristine white fur. He knew because Jace's claws were on display, black as onyx.

"Why are you here, demon?" Velric asked, slowly leaning for his blade.

"Calm down now Velric," Jace glanced at Velric's blade before returning to the arctic fox's sapphire eyes. "No need to go swinging a blade about here. I mean you, nor my citizens, any harm."

"Your citizens?" Velric felt his fur stand on end. Was Kalenvine enthralled to this demon?

"Oi! Vel!" One of his men shouted at him from the bonfire. "Why you talking to the mayor! I already got the reward, stop bein' a lil' wall flower and come have some fun!"

"Mayor?" Velric suddenly remembered the name of the person who posted the quest at the guild. Mayor J. Lockheart.

"You're Mayor Lockheart?"

"In the flesh," Jace replied. "The townspeople agreed that my private business be the one to cater to your every want and desire."

"Do they know you're a demon?" Velric spat the words like venom.

"No one has really asked," Jace placed a hand over his heart, or where a human heart would have been. "Though I think most people have their suspicions. Kalenvine Grove is a town where even

the most unsavory of people from all walks of life can find a place to call home. It's much better than the hell hole I came from." The demon smiled at his joke.

Velric went to go for his blade, but his hand gripped nothing but air. It was gone.

"Now, now," Jace chided Velric, "I don't want to be exercised just yet. One of my ladies took your blade while I had you distracted. Besides, how would the guild continue to get paid if you end up killing your patron?"

Velric paused. He hadn't even thought of that. The Golden Blades wouldn't look too kindly on anyone who got rid of their greatest patron. Even if it was a demon, or maybe because it was. Wouldn't want anyone downstairs plotting against you.

"What do you want?" Velric snarled at the wolf. Jace sighed.

"Isn't it obvious?" Jace shook his head. "It's not about what I want, it's about what *you* want. I'm here to make sure every one of your men's desires are met."

"Don't you touch my men," Velric snarled in hushed tones.

"Too late for that," Jace crossed his arms and licked his lips. "Please Velric, calm down. How would it look if we started reaping souls from the people we pay to protect us? I don't want to lose your company just as much as you don't want to lose our patronage."

"Why would you send us out to fight for you," Velric was genuinely confused. The demonic energy radiating from Jace was palpable. Anyone with half a brainstem, or basic knowledge of arcane energies could tell he was powerful. "I mean, you could have obliterated that den of goblins, easy."

"Let's not bring that up," Jace tried to change the subject. "It's not a mayor's place to go off adventuring and leave his people and business to fend for themselves."

“No,” Velric smiled, crossing his arms. “You’re hiding something...no, you’re hiding *from* someone.” Velric suddenly put it all together. “You can’t cast that kind of magic without being detected. You are a demon from the hells, but you’re a little runaway. That’s why you need us. So you don’t give away your position.”

Jace frowned slightly before waving away Velric’s explanation.

“You’re too smart for your own good, you little vixen. But that’s why I hire you. You’re the best at what you do.” Jace took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “I knew I should have objected to a bone mage.”

“Then you’re kind of cut-off at the knees here, aren’t you.” Velric smiled and nodded his head. “You really can’t do much demonically, or you’ll be found out and dragged back to the hell you crawled out of.”

“That also means I can’t make any demon deals beyond simple pacts.” Jace brushed his vest back into place and was the stately butler again. “You have nothing to worry about when it comes to me.”

“I’m still not going to let you entice my men,” Velric was getting ready to go. “A demon can do a lot with very little. I don’t trust you...unless...what’s your name?”

Jace narrowed his eyes, “Come now Velric. You think I’m foolish enough to give a bone mage that kind of power over me? All you’d need to do is whisper over some body-rocks and I’d be your thrall. No, I think I’ll save my dowry for someone more important. Though, if you need more assurance, I can provide that.”

Jace pulled his bowtie and unfurled it. He whispered something into the fabric and violet runes glowed into existence across it. Jace then gently offered it between two fingers to the bone mage.

“Go on,” he gave a genuine warm, yet shallow, smile. “I promise it won’t bite.”

“Like I trust the word of a demon,” Velric’s tone was sour, but he did inspect the ribbon without touching it. It was a binding, a powerful holy spell with a singular drop of the demons magic etched in. Any bone mage worth their salt knew how it worked. The binding would make the demon subservient to the holder in all ways...except it was limited. That little bit of demonic magic stitched in put a time limit on the binding.

“Sunrise,” Jace confirmed. “Whoever holds this binding will own me until dawn. Of course there are limitations. You can’t have me start up a hell march and burn the town down, but I will be compelled to tell you the truth, and follow orders that are within my power.”

“You’d...you’d really just hand that over?” Velric knew this wasn’t an ordinary demon, but to give up his freedom willingly?

“I trust the Golden Blades,” Jace answered. “I think I can extend that faith to their most trusted companies.”

Velric narrowed his eyes. He wasn’t completely sold. He gave the ribbon another once over, but the only demonic energies he found were the ones creating the time limit and a handful of limitations. A spell weaver could have removed the limitations and completed the binding, but the closest one with that kind of skill was weeks away. No, this demon was only going to be bound this one night, and one night only. He reached out and accepted the ribbon. The silk fabric flowed through Jace’s fingers as he let it go.

“There,” Jace put his hands behind his back. “Now, what is it you desire?”

Velric felt the power in that binding tingle between his fingers. He could compel this demon to do anything...within reason. A clever grin played across that muzzle.

“What’s your name?” he asked. Jace simply raised a brow as if to say “really?”

“Well,” Velric chuckled and shrugged. “Worth a shot. Tell me the truth, were you planning on doing anything malicious to my men?”

The binding spell shimmered and Jace shuddered, biting his lip before answering.

“No, not unless their heart’s true desire was pain,” Jace answered truthfully and shook his head. “I forgot the kick that binding has. Haven’t done this in quite some time.”

“When was the last time you did this?” Velric responded more out of sheer curiosity and not with the intent of it being compelled by the binding. Jace was ready this time, his fur stood on end as his spine tingled, but he didn’t show any other outward signs.

“About sixty years back or so. A particularly chiseled drake didn’t want me to slip away, but he didn’t want to do a full binding for my price unless he got a trial run.”

“What was your price?” Velric asked again. This time Jace shrugged and stayed silent.

“Try not to make it too personal,” Jace advised. “If I don’t wish to answer, I don’t have to. It just feels *really* good when I do.”

“What were your plans for me when you came over?”

“To offer you the night of your life,” Jace smiled down at the fox. “I could smell the desire on you from a mile away. You have some particular tastes. Not the first time you’ve bound a demon?”

“Careful about what you ask, hell pup,” Velric warned almost playfully. “I’m not the one who’s bound here. Were your intentions with my men or me pure?”

“Pure? Absolutely not,” Jace smiled. “Malicious is probably the word you were looking for. No, I had no intention of hurting you nor your men in any way, though my intentions were far from pure.”

“What did you intend?” Velric asked. Jace just smiled.

“Tell me,” Velric pressed.

“Nothing that would harm you or anyone. Nothing I planned for tonight was going to have any bearing on anyone’s well-being besides saving them from that hoard.”

“Nothing you planned for *tonight*?” Velric picked up on that little detail right away.

“I can’t predict the future and what you’ll blame me for.” Jace replied. It wasn’t a lie, but it definitely wasn’t the full truth. Velric though, didn’t see through that and left it as is.

“Fair enough,” he was about to put the ribbon away when it tied itself around his wrist. That was common for talisman bindings to attach to their master in some way or another.

“Now that you know I can’t hurt you,” Jace said walking up to the shorter fox and placing a tender hand on his face. Jace’s thumb warmly brushed the vixen’s cheek. Normally Velric would free the demon’s hand from his arm with a quick bone blade, but somehow, he knew Jace couldn’t hurt him. It was part of the binding. A bound demon couldn’t turn on their owner, even if they wanted. “Why don’t I show my appreciation to the leader of the Fog Reapers, *personally*.”

“I thought you ran the whore house. I didn’t know you were part of the clientele. Don’t the town’s people frown upon their mayor doing this kind of thing?” Velric looked up at that big wolf. Had he not been bound, Jace would seem quite imposing. Powerful muscles were scantily hidden behind those clothes, but also accented just enough to give you an idea. What a tease.

“How do you think I got into my position?” Jace leaned in and whispered into Velric’s ear. “You’ll find everyone in my town to be quite open minded.”

“And being able to smell their desires probably helps, doesn’t it?”

“It doesn’t hurt,” Jace conceded that point. “Everyone craves something.”

“And what do I crave?” Velric smirked, gently pushing Jace away from him so he could look the demon in the eye.

“I already gave it to you.” Jace’s hand took Velric’s, his thumb brushing the binding ribbon around his wrist.

Velric huffed, more out of amusement than annoyance. He had prided himself on being hard to read, but this demon could read him like a book. Control, he liked to be in control of any situation. That’s what made him a good leader. He was always prepared and knew how to command.

“Do you have someplace more private?”

Jace raised a brow, his thumb still rubbing the ribbon on Velric’s wrist. He got the idea.

“Take me someplace more private.” Velric commanded.

“My pleasure, *Master*.” Jace replied.

Velric was pressed up against the door to the mayor’s personal suite at the most prestigious whore house in all of Kalenvine. They had shut out the rest of the world and Velric was allowed to be as free as he wanted without setting bad examples for his men. Right now, Velric was pinned against the

Mayor's door with Jace kissing his neck. The wolf was clearly larger than the white vixen, but somehow everything about Jace felt subservient to Velric.

Velric loved it.

Velric gripped the air with his hand that had the binding. A chain of runes blazed into reality, a collar of light forming on Jace's neck.

"Kneel," Velric ordered. Jace obliged, falling down to his knees and leaving a trail of kisses down his master's neck and chest. Already Velric's pants grew tight.

He was going to enjoy this.

He had the wolf for the night and he was going to get the most out of it. Velric lifted his foot paw, the pads pristine, having been washed since his last battle. He pressed them against Jace's face. Velric yanked on that magic leash, the binding glowing and humming with power as Jace was forced into those toe paws.

It was a silent command, and Jace would oblige. Jace's maw opened, his demonic tongue glowing purple as it lulled over those toes. Warm saliva rolled between those toe claws as Jace licked them over in reverence.

"That's a good demon pup. Now disrobe." Velric ordered. He expected the demon to slowly strip for him. The show was much more immediate.

Jace's clothes burned away in violet flames like flash paper. They scorched into glittering embers that vanished in a nonexistent wind. All that without missing a moment of worship on those foot paws. Jace had taken the paw in his hands, messaging them with his thumbs while sucking on them, the demon tongue lulling between and lacing over and under each toe.

The demon's tail hiked up submissively, his pussy exposed to the air for his master. The smell was immediate, a deep sweet heat that graced Velric's senses. He had been with women in heat before. He had always left them without child, but he knew how it was supposed to feel when those pheromones hit. They slapped you with a sudden need. This though, was like being kicked by a horse! Velric growled, completely involuntarily as he pushed down on Jace's face and pulled harder on that magic leash.

"Fuck! On your back." Velric commanded. As soon as he did, the leash snapped releasing Jace, and Velric pushed him over. Jace slammed backwards onto the thick carpets that lined the personal bed chambers. He had an adventurer's build, his body firm with muscle, tightly packed, but not bulging. His underbelly was a pristine white, like his hands and feet, the border between his white and black fur was a glowing violet. Jace moaned, his hands behind his head and his legs spread wide. Between his legs was a tight purple glowing pussy, glistening with need, and the source of those pheromones.

Velric murred, licking his lips and kneeling down between those inviting, muscular thighs.

"Do you want me to-" Jace was leaning up when Velric's hand forced him down on his back again. Velric leaned into that snatch, his teeth chattering from the intense pheromones. Jace moaned, his own toes fanning in pleasure as Velric's lips pressed against Jace's sensitive folds. Velric started with a wide lick, his tongue lulling over that entrance with purpose. It was a slow lick ending with a flick of Jace's clit. The motion like a musician plucking a guitar string that sent vibrations through Jace's thighs. The flavor was sinful. A sweetness that was so deep it made Velric's teeth curl and mouth water.

"That's a good boy," Velric murred, his whiskers brushing against Jace's folds as he spoke. "Lay back and let me enjoy my meal." Velric then moved forward, his lips wrapping around that clit while his free hand ran his thumb over those folds. That tongue expertly swirled around that clit, many a maiden's pleasure he had feasted on. He knew what he was doing. He knew Jace's sweet spots better

than Jace did. Velric's tongue flicked over that little bullet, the clit tensing as he rolled his tongue in tender circles over it. His thumb teasing the entrance to Jace's love tunnel by slowly running it between the folds, but never sinking in.

"Vel...Oh gods. N-no, you're going to..."

"Quiet," Velric's lips smacked off that clit noisily with his command. Instantly, Jace's voice was lost to him. "No words pup. I just want to hear your moans as I torture you."

Jace arched his back, pressing his pussy into Velric's talented muzzle with a needy wine. Velric accepted the invitation without hesitation. He sank his mouth over that clit again, wet smacking and splatting filled the rooms as he feasted on that demon cunt. Velric's dick beat against the talismans on his pants, their protective uses not meant to stop raging wood from the other side. Velric slowly sank his thumb into those depths, teasing the demon further, and getting his first hit of what that love tunnel was like.

A cool static tingled over Vel's thumb. It was like a drug as it sent a soothing wave over that appendage, any aches or muscle fatigue melting away and allowing him to move fluidly and with hardly any effort. He moaned into that clit as he pressed his thumb in deeper, the sensation getting stronger. It was like dipping your hands in a cool stream after a hard day's work. The sensation bled over his hand and the tip of his tongue as he ate the demon pup out.

Jace was panting, half whining with each exhale as Velric played with all of his most intimate of buttons. The town's people always just wanted to smash and dash, but this Velric was a savant, an artist with his tongue that wrote poetry against his pussy, teased and molded his folds with his fingers. Jace's thighs quivered, juices dribbling down Vel's chin and onto the carpet. He couldn't hold it much longer.

He was a demon of lust, damn it! He could outlast this mortal punk. But every flick of that tongue, longing lull, sliding slurps, and wet roll was forcing Jace closer and closer to the edge.

Velric slipped two fingers in, abandoning his thumb to flick over the sensitive folds with the whiskers on his chin while he beckoned that pussy's juices with those fingers saying "come hither." It was gentle and subtle, but it was too much with all the other stimulation. Jace arched his back and screamed, his toes digging into the rugs and scraping up fabric as his pussy gripped those fingers, adulating in orgasm as his legs quivered. Jace tried as best he could, but Velric wouldn't let up and forced the demon to squirt.

Jace's demon juices splattered over Velric's face, plenty of the warm slick getting into his muzzle and filling it with that sweet flavor. He kept eating through Jace's orgasm, forcing him to cum again as Velric drank down that peach juice. It dribbled down his muzzle, soaking his neck and chest as it splattered him, and still he feasted, still he drank. That pheromone laced slick was the wine of gods and filled him with a burning lust. He could feel the fem cum of the wolf entering his system, that cool static ringing through his chest and out his limbs.

Velric put multiple fingers into that pussy, the squirting juices making them slick as he rapidly played with his meal, getting it primed and ready for the main event. He rapidly slid those fingers over that g-spot, that bundle of nerves sending screaming pleasure through Jace's body and causing him to squirt again. Velric then pulled away, wet smacks and splattering juices flying in all directions as that geyser calmed down.

"Now you may speak," Velric growled breathlessly. Jace was a quivering mess, Velric kept his fingers inside Jace and played with that love button hidden in its depths.

Jace was a panting mess, but found the strength to prop himself up on his elbows to address his pussy slaying master... only to be stunned into silence. Velric had undone the bindings of his pants, the fabric having slid away from the monolithic boner. It had to be at least ten inches of pulsing, onyx fox meat.

“Speechless?” Velric gave a cocky grin as he shook his bitch breaker with his free hand. “How about we make some noise.”

Velric expertly flicked his fingers inside of Jace’s tight snatch and threw him into another squirting orgasm. He arched his back, thrusting back against those fingers as the fox struck oil. Powerful wet splattering jets of fem cum smacked against Velric’s chest and dick, the warm slick readying his dick for the real event.

“Fu-Fuck you Velric,” Jace gasped as his orgasm subsided.

“That’s ‘fuck you, master’ demon.” Velric teased. “At least until sunrise.”

“Fuck you, *master*,” Jace groaned.

“Good demon pup,” Velric removed his fingers from that hole with a lusty growl. “Time for me to really take what I want.”

Jace was more than impressed. Most people didn’t have the self-control to properly eat him out without becoming a sex crazed beast. Vel though, he had years of training with demonic forces. Even if they were for different reasons, he could control himself under magic induced duress.

Velric gripped Jace’s knees and threw them over his shoulders. His heart was beating out of his chest, his dick oozing pre like a faucet. He couldn’t deny himself pleasure right now even if he wanted to, but that didn’t mean he hadn’t lost his mind.

“Condom?” He asked.

“Do you think a mortal could get a demon like me preg- Ah!” Jace didn’t need to finish his sentence. It’s all Velric needed as he pressed his cock tip against that entrance. He didn’t slide in just yet, savoring the feeling of that cool static tingling over his tapered tip. He splattered more pre onto that pussy, marking his claim as his cock tried to get harder and sink into those folds on its own. But Vel was in control here. He would enjoy this. It’s not every day you land demon pussy, especially as sweet as this. Vel flicked his tip up and down, teasing that hole. Every time his tip rested over that entrance, it was like a magnetic pleasure, his dick a dowsing rod for the depths of that pussy, and still he teased. He smeared his musk and pre over that clit and those folds, playing with the demon’s most intimate of places.

“Beg,” Velric murred, his mind ablaze with need and desperation, but he knew the demon wanted this more. It wasn’t a command, so Jace could refuse, and that only made the demon growl in frustration.

“You...you can’t be serious.” Jace panted as he opened his eyes to look at the arctic fox stud using his pussy as a dick slicker. “You must be so full of pheromones and sexual energy that you’re ready to bust at the lightest breeze.”

“Beg,” Velric’s eyes were hazy with pleasure, but his voice was even and calm. “I want to hear you confess it to me. Confess your desires. That you want me.”

“Of course I want it,” Jace tried to push down on the dick, but Vel clenched his fist, the magic leash lashing onto Jace’s neck and stopping him.

“Beg,” Velric told Jace again. Jace had orgasmed multiple times already, but that was just Velric’s little foreplay. Jace wanted more. He wanted it all. He had never had a mortal rile him up so much with so little. That’s why he wanted him.

“P-please master?” Jace whimpered in need, his legs bending to try and pull him closer, but not strong enough to actually force him. “Please, I want you inside me. I want you to drain your balls deep in my warm sexy silk.”

“Beg better,” Vel gave the demon a cocky grin as a thick wad of pre splattered his pussy.

“Please master! I want it so much. I want you to claim my pussy and mark it with your seed!” Jace wasn’t in control anymore. He thought he was, but from the moment he gave up his freedom to the fox, he should have known he would have been putty in this bone mage’s paw. “I need you to fuck me! I need you to sink your dick deep inside me and mark my deepest depths. I want you to drain your nuts deep inside me. Tie me down with your knot and fuck me full!”

“Good pet!” Vel let go of himself and let the rut take over. He sank his dick in, slowly at first to relish the feeling. The tip entered with no resistance, but when he stopped, it clamped down. It was like sticking his dick into a tight hot spring. It was warm, hellishly so, and slick from his handiwork. That cool static tingled over his tapered tip like an electric vibration before shooting down his rod and into his nuts. His balls felt charged, each one felt like it was floating in rolling warm water, soft boiling them in a sensation of pure pleasure.

More...

Vel thrust forward, his dick effortlessly going balls deep in that love tunnel and kissing the demons cervix. Velric sighed, like he was taking a long needed piss as that pussy hugged his dick in luxury. The walls were impossibly soft, softer than the inside of your cheek, yet vice tight and slick. A

sinful heat warmed Vel's dick as it was stroked by those walls, a gentle adulation stoking the pleasure of that fuck stick. That static, that gentle cool static net of energy that rolled around his dick like an electrified tongue, was now compounded tenfold. It was like his dick was a lightning rod and his nuts a couple of crystals needing to be charged. Energy pooled in those nuts, that cool warm contradiction building in the core of each of his balls. Just when Vel thought he couldn't take it, it shot into his taint and then up his spine. It rattled between his vertebra and bloomed over his skull and between his teeth. He could *taste* that pussy as the static tingled over his tongue, drool filling his muzzle as he got his first real taste of demonic levels of pleasure.

Another jolt of that electric pleasure rolled through his body, his back arching, legs tensing, and thighs thrusting forward. He wasn't in control of that thrust; it was his body's need for this addictive pussy. It was his, his to take and mark, to blast with his seed and rut into oblivion...

Until sunrise...

He wasn't going to hold back anymore. He thrust, this time using the pleasurable static to his advantage and rolled his hips forward, his dick grinding against that purple glowing cervix, the two making out before he pulled back. The walls were a virgin tight as he did so, milking his dick for every ounce of pleasure humanly possible. He thrust back in and bottomed out. Velric snarled and gripped the demon's legs and started to pound deep into that pussy.

Splat, plap, sqilch, slick, plop!

The air became a constant array of sloppy sounds, that fox with the horse dick pounding deep into the demon's cunt. Every time he bottomed out, the bulge his tip formed in that demon's abdomen was clear and pronounced. He wouldn't stop, he couldn't stop, and he would fuck this pussy for all it's worth.

“Fuck yeah demon! Milk that cock!” Vel shouted, not caring anymore if anyone heard. Had they a chance at this pussy, they wouldn’t be quiet. This was a hole he wanted to fuck endlessly. Time slowed down as he thrust into that cunt, no matter how fast he got, everything was in slow motion as he pounded that quivering cunt. Every second near torture as every nerve was alive with that static pleasure. Vel’s thighs became a blur, a staccato of plaps and squelching as he fucked his demon pet.

That’s when the sensations started to change. It was like the static was melting, becoming a syrupy sweetness that made his flesh ripple. It was like a tanginess that makes your tongue tingle was being “tasted” all over his body. Especially his dick.

It was like fucking a syrupy sweet, sloppy mess. His dick drooled and throbbed like a tongue coated in sugar, only this sensation couldn’t be swallowed, it could only be fucked. Vel snarled and hissed, his claws clawing the carpet as he slammed into that pussy, the demon’s feet bouncing off the ass of that fox as he refused to do anything but short thrusts. Anything outside of that pussy was cold and empty, the depths of that cunt was a promise of everlasting pleasure. A promise of ecstasy that couldn’t be found anywhere else.

And he would fuck it over!

Vel’s hips smacked Jace’s thick ass cheeks, a wet mess of pre and fem-cum in thick strands. That onyx pillar of meat sank into that pussy over and over, the wet warm slick a wet, churning mess. Vel’s dick was frosted in the wolf’s cum, a purple glow painting that spire of fuck meat. His knot couldn’t form fast enough, it was like his heart was exploding out of his chest, yet almost not beating at all. That numbing static made it feel like his heart was pumping the coolest spring water through his veins, slowing things down with the calmness of a mountain, while that pussy’s syrupy sweet tang caused his nerves to scream for more with the desperation of a madman. His knot swelled and filled with that static. It was like a pressurized bundle of lightning, a maelstrom in his knot that he could squeeze

pleasure out of. Every time that pussy gripped it, he heard thunder, sparks flashed across his eyes as he pounded away, his knot slipping out of that warm and slick, only to plunge back in with a wet sclorp.

“Fuck master! I’m going to…”

“Don’t you DARE cum before me!” Vel snarled. “End this madness and make me nut deep inside you. I’m going to flood that hellish cunt with my fucking pups! I demand you take this dick! Suck my nuts dry you cum dump cunt!”

The command was like a whip that struck Jace. His thighs flexed, his legs drawing the fox in deeply and locking his legs behind him at the ankle as Vel attempted to dick deeper into the depths of that pussy. His knot stuck inside and swelled fast. The pleasure of that storm in his knot condensed, tighter and tighter like a coiled spring ready to snap.

And it shattered.

That maelstrom shot down from that knot and into the fox’s taint, his prostate flexing so hard and fast that it audibly clenched. His balls felt like magnets fighting each other as they drew up and unleashed a torrent of cum. Vel grabbed Jace’s leash and pulled him forward into a kiss, deep and passionate. That demon tongue lulled over Velric’s. They were rapidly going against one another, but time slowed down for them as Vel emptied his nuts into that womb. He didn’t care, the demon couldn’t get pregnant...or so he thought.

Jace came hard, his pussy clenching down on that knot over and over, each time that maelstrom forced his prostate to flex and inject him with life giving seed. Shot after shot went deep into that wolfs unprotected womb, ovaries eagerly soaking up that seed the fox so willingly dumped into his pet.

That wouldn’t be the only load that night. When we say time slowed down, it truly was slowed. Jace wasn’t going to let the sunrise ruin his night with the stud. They fucked for weeks in that room. Vel

had a constant stream of cum from the demon's sexual energy, never growing tired and never letting up. Constantly fucking and cumming for weeks on end might sound like it would get boring, but for Vel it was paradise. He never questioned it. He never guessed what time it was or when he would have had enough. It was all part of the experience.

After a month of constant rutting, mating, love making, degrading, affectionate, dirty, raunchy, sloppy sex, the night finally ended. Vel fell into a deep sleep as that ribbon fell from his wrist. Jace a bloated mess of cum and mating bites made sure Velric was taken care of before being sent home with his company. Vel didn't come to until he was half way home, walking with his men back to the guild.

"What...fuck!" Velric cursed the demon. That's when he felt something dangling around his neck. He gripped the locket, the silver disk adorned with an amethyst stone. He flicked it open and the image inside was of an arctic fox. She was a woman of great beauty, silky fur and gorgeous figure.

And violet eyes.

"Oi, boss? You got a keepsake or something?" One of the fox's men asked. He clasped the locket closed, not sure what it meant.

"No...nothing. Let's report back to the guild as soon as possible." Velric knew he would be taking the next mission to Kalenvine regardless of what it was. Even if it was a merchant looking for a lost cat. He would take any excuse to see that demon again and ask what was up. For now though...he needed to think of his men.

Back in the mayor's quarters, Jace sat in a large office chair signing documents. He suddenly stopped and smiled, putting a paw against his swollen belly.

"Shhhh..." He murred, "You'll meet your father someday. Hopefully he will know by then that, in fact, a demon like me could bear him a child. One that would rival both of us in strength and power. I

may not be able to use my magic, but our daughter will be able to rival nations. We will meet again Vel, much sooner than you might think.”

The demon continued his mayoral businesses, mainly signing away the ownership of the whore house and his mayoral rights to other representatives. Vel may come back, but he won't find Jace here. No...his family would find him in their own time.

“Your roots were deeper than my wilds,” Jace mused to himself. “And your generosity will be compounded several times over, my dearest Velric.”